

Goldilocks to Mama Bear

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Yang is a carefree, laid-back woman. But after getting lost on her way to a party, she finds herself taking on the biggest mission of her life: raising a child, and helping him recover from emotional scars.

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Chapter 1

It was mostly quiet in the small town of Little Whinging...except for a small noise that seemed to be getting progressively louder...

It was a young blonde woman on a motorcycle. Yang Xiao Long of Team RWBY. She was on her way to a party hosted by one of her old friends from Beacon Academy. The trouble was...she was having a very difficult time figuring out which way to go. Her GPS had broken down, and she was unfamiliar with the area. Eventually, she grew fed up, and had to stop her motorcycle by someone's house. Sighing in frustration, she hopped off the bike and took off her helmet.

"Great...Just great..." She muttered in agitation. The young woman took a seat on the curb, resting her hand on her chin. Well, she was officially lost, and it did not help one bit that every single house in this area looked exactly the same. Shaking her head, she pulled herself back to her feet and sat back down on her motorcycle...But just as she was about to rev up the gas...

"THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR NOT DOING THE CHORES PROPERLY, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BASTARD!"

Yang's head snapped towards the direction she heard the yelling from.

"...THAT didn't sound good..." She muttered as she rose to her feet. "Better go take a look." She approached the house her bike was parked next to, and snuck a quick glance through the window. It was a short glance...but it was all she needed to see a tiny little boy, thoroughly beaten down, getting roughly thrown against the wall of a cupboard and shut away inside.

The young woman gasped in shock. The hell was that about?! He was just a kid! An adorable, innocent little kid! The very idea of a kid

getting abused in such a manner filled Yang to the point of bursting with anger. Her eyes began to glow red, and her aura flared dangerously. She slipped on her gauntlets, and with a thrust from her fist, a ball of energy launched itself at the house.

BOOM!

The wall was no more.

When the smoke cleared, Yang saw a morbidly obese man staring at the rubble that was formerly a wall, his eyes bulging from their sockets and his mouth in a perfect O shape. Yang would have laughed if she wasn't so unbelievably pissed off.

"Wha-How-Why-What the BLOODY HELL is your DEAL?!" The man yelled in outrage.

"What's MY deal? Try 'What's YOUR deal?'"

"What do you mean?!"

"I saw you throw that kid." Vernon's eyes widened. "...I also saw that you were beating him."

"S-So what? I-I'm trying to beat the freakishness out of him!" Yang's eye twitched.

"You...SON...OF A BITCH!" Vernon flinched at the volume of her voice. "THERE'S LITERALLY NO REASON ANY KID DESERVES TO BE BEATEN LIKE THAT, YOU PRICK! UNLESS YOU'RE A MONSTER WHO HAS NO CONSCIENCE, LIKE YOU ARE! I'M GONNA BEAT THE HELL OUT OF YOU! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!"

Vernon squeaked and tried to run for his life. But because of his girth and Yang's experience, she was able to catch up with him in a manner of seconds. She tackled him to the ground, and slammed her fist into his big, meaty cheeks, causing an audible cracking

sound. She continued to wail on the large walrus, screaming things like "BASTARD", "MONSTER", and "SON OF A BITCH!"

By the time she was done, he was lying on the floor, covered in blood and bruises, moaning in pain. Yang delivered one last kick to the man's stomach, sending him rolling into the wall, then turned her attention towards the cupboard. She moved towards it at a brisk pace, then threw it open rather noisily.

The little boy inside retreated into the corner at the rough slamming sound the opening cupboard made, and he retreated further into the cupboard.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Vernon, I won't do it again, I swear..."

Yang frowned with pity.

'Poor little guy...' She thought. Kneeling down, she slowly reached over, and placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. He flinched at first...but gradually relaxed when he realized he wasn't being hurt. Uncovering his face, he slowly turned to look at her. His eyes widened upon seeing a strange woman in the Dursley's house, and he let out a soft whimper. Yang smiled at him. The woman seemed to have a natural charisma that relaxed him when she smiled...

"Hey, kid." Yang said. Harry said nothing. "Listen...You want out of here, right? You want something better?" Harry hesitated, then nodded shyly. "Good. If you trust me, I can get you outta this place no problem!" Harry hesitated once again, but looked into her eyes. He could tell, from the smile on her face, that she truly meant what she said. He DID want to be anywhere else... So, weakly, he pulled himself up on his arms, and tried to crawl over to the woman. Yang decided it would be best for him not to exert himself, so, getting down on her knees, she reached in and scooped him up. Harry flinched. Her grip was very, very strong, and...not too tight at all...In fact, it was rather comforting. This was the most comfortable he'd been in years. Timidly, the little boy looked up at the huntress. She was still smiling brightly. "I got ya, little guy." Harry blinked, feeling

surprisingly safe. With a small yawn, he rested his head on the woman's shoulder. He hadn't gotten a lot of sleep lately with all the chores... Maybe he could rest his eyes...

Yang grinned as the child fell asleep in her arms. She rose to her feet and sighed. "Well, that went off without a hitch...Guess I won't be partying tonight..." She walked out of the house, Harry in tow, and smirked when she heard a woman scream from the house she just left. "Fatty somehow got a wife..."

Once she deemed herself far enough, she sat on the curb, Harry still in her arms, then pulled out her phone. She dialed in a number, and her friend answered.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's me, Yang."

"Yang! How are you? You're late! We were starting to get worried!"

"Sorry, got lost. Anyway, sorry, but it looks like I'm not gonna be able to make it, I uh...need to make a quick stop at the hospital." There was a gasp from the other end of the line.

"Oh my gosh, are you okay?! What happened?!"

"Don't worry, I'm fine. I'll just be...visiting a hospitalized friend." A sigh of relief from the other end.

" Well, I'm glad to hear you're okay. Be careful though. I hope your friend's okay."

"Thanks a lot. I gotta go now, okay? Bye." And so, Yang ended the conversation, and put away her phone. She looked to Harry in one of her arms, then to her motorcycle, which she had carried with her using her free arm. There was no way in hell she was giving a child his age a ride on her motorcycle... But what to do...? The blonde

grinned and snapped her fingers. Her partner would help her out easily! She pulled her phone back out, and called Blake's number.

"Hello?" Came the sleepy reply.

"Hey, Blake. It's me."

"Yang? What could you possibly want this late at night?"

"I...need a ride to the hospital."

"WHAT?! ARE YOU OKAY?!" Blake's response was genuinely concerned.

"Yeah, it's... not for me." A sigh of relief.

"All right...Where should I pick you up?" Yang gave her the details, then waited for her partner to arrive. As she waited, she felt stirring in her arms. The little boy was waking up.

Harry's eyes slowly opened. Then, he felt confused. Why was his cupboard so comfy now? His eyes fully opened, and he looked around.

"Wh-Where am I?" He asked softly.

"Hey, kid. What's up?" Harry's eyes widened, then he remembered. The pretty blonde lady... He gave her a nervous look.

"Wh-Where are we?" He asked shyly. Yang chuckled.

"Eh, we're in the park. We're just waiting on someone." She replied before ruffling his hair. Harry gave her a confused, slightly fearful look. "Ah, don't worry. She's nice, like me." The fear died down slightly, but he was still visibly anxious. The two sat in silence for a few moments.

Yang hated silence.

"Sooo...How old are you, little guy?"

"Um...f-five..." Yang whistled.

"Five. Wow, you're getting big, aren'tcha? But...you don't look five. You...look more like you're three..."

"Yeah...I don't eat a lot..." Yang scowled.

"I'll bet your uncle's got a hand in that." She hugged him tightly. A little too tightly, however, eliciting a pained whimper. Yang immediately loosened her grip, looked down at him apologetically, and said "Sorry, buddy. You okay?"

"Y-Yes...I've had...w-worse..." Yang gritted her teeth in anger, but before he could catch it, she disguised it as a grin.

"So...you got a name?"

"H-Harry..."

"Harry, huh? That's a nice name. My name's Yang."

"Hi, Miss Yang..."

"MISS Yang? Heh. No need for that. Just call me Yang."

"I'm sorry."

"No worries, little pal." Then, a car approached. A familiar car. Yang grinned. "Ah, there she is." Blake stopped her car, then climbed out of the driver's seat.

"All right, Yang, what's this abou-" She froze when she saw Harry. "...Yang, are you carrying an injured child?"

"Yeah. Harry, Blake, Blake, Harry."

"Um...Hello, Harry."

"H-Hi, Miss Blake..." Blake smiled slightly, then looked back to her partner.

"What happened to him? Why is he injured?" Yang sighed, then explained what she saw. Blake gave Harry a sympathetic look, then turned back to Yang. "Put him in the backseat." Yang nodded, then carried Harry over to the car and placed him in the backseat, helping him get his seatbelt done in. After Harry was safe and secure, she stood and approached her bike.

"I'll be riding with you guys." Blake nodded with a slight roll of her eyes. Yang and her bike... Harry, on the other hand, looked nervous.

"A-Are you gonna leave me?" He asked softly. Yang smiled.

"Aw, heck no, kid. I'll be at the hospital same time you are." With those words, she bent over and wrapped her arms around the little boy. He hesitated, then slowly and shyly hugged back. Yang pulled away first, much to his clear disappointment. Yang smiled, then gently planted a kiss on his forehead. Harry looked at her with wide eyes, as if he was stunned by the display of affection. "See you in a bit, pal." The blonde ruffled the boy's hair, before heading to her motorbike.

Harry slowly raised his hand to the area Yang kissed. It was very...comforting. He hoped she'd do it again sometime...

Author's Note

All right, I'm posting this on each story so that I can get a variety of people's attention.

Hey guys, thanks a lot for following my stories. I'm glad you enjoy them so much, but I'll admit, I can't take ALL the credit. I do have a writing partner, FireKitsune1. He's a great guy, and I love working with him, but we've come to a disagreement. You see, I've made this whole "adopted abused Harry" thing into a recurring thing in my fics. I love doing them with different characters, and seeing how I can differentiate them. However, FireKitsune is getting a little pissed at me, because I keep adding in new mothers. Here's a list of the mothers:

Lucy [Elfen Lied]

Virgo [Fairy Tail]

Blair [Soul Eater]

Cinder [RWBY]

Ruby [RWBY]

Weiss [RWBY]

Blake [RWBY]

Yang [RWBY]

Ada [Resident Evil]

Mikasa [Attack on Titan]

Yoko [Tengen Toppa Gurren Lagann]

Mizore [Rosario + Vampire]

Ahri [League of Legends]

Sona [League of Legends]

Akali [League of Legends]

Raynare [High School DxD]

Moka [Rosario + Vampire]

Annie [Attack on Titan]

Rukia [Bleach]

Seras [Hellsing]

Lucina [Fire Emblem]

Black Rock Shooter [Black Rock Shooter]

Samus [Metroid]

Yoruichi [Bleach]

Raven [Teen Titans]

Ryuko [Kill la Kill]

Satsuki [Kill la Kill]

Asuna [Sword Art Online]

Pyrrha [RWBY]

Shana [Shakugan no Shana]

Yes, it's a lot. And considering the fact that I'll likely add more to the list, and that I do take requests [provided I take an interest in the

character], FireKitsune's feeling a little overwhelmed. That's problematic for both of us, because...I don't think myself capable of doing these on my own. I do have a couple other people to help me, Gilgamesh the King, who has flat out admitted that the fluffy stuff is not his thing, and marethyu-the-proxy, who's been having trouble getting online as of late... So, yeah, me and FireKitsune end up doing a large percentage of the work, and he's at his wits end. We even got into an argument about it today that nearly ended our partnership. I can't do all this on my own, and even with two people it's a lot. That's where you guys come in. I really, REALLY hate to ask, but I'm getting a little bit desperate here... I was hoping some of you might be willing to step in and help me out with planning for some of these fics. If things keep going the way they are for me and FireKitsune, I fear that we may end up having to cancel these altogether. I don't want to cancel them, but we barely managed to reconcile, and if I keep getting him to do all these himself, he'll probably snap eventually and just give up on me entirely, which would end up causing me painful memories every time I update one of the fics. Besides, I need something to work off of, and other writers are excellent sources for that.

Again, I'm very sorry to ask this of you guys, and if any of you out there are able and willing to plan these out with me, I will be eternally grateful. If you'll help, just send me a message, and I'll explain what you need to do. Thanks immensely once again, and here's hoping things will turn out all right. I'm not putting any limits as to how many people can help, either. To quote Dr. Eggman himself, You know what they say, the more the merrier!

Chapter 3

Harry and Blake sat silently in the car.

"Um...are you all right back there?" Blake asked the child. Harry nodded.

Blake thought back to the way Yang had interacted with the little boy in the back of her car, and then began to think of Yang as a mother. She smiled. If he could get past the endless shopping sprees, she'd definitely be a good caretaker.

She looked back to see Harry looked very anxious. *'Cute...He must miss Yang already.'* Blake reasoned to herself. She decided to see if this was the case.

"Are you okay Harry?" Blake asked, causing him to stiffen in surprise at being addressed.

"Um...I-I'm fine..." Harry replied quietly, still uneasy about being in the car with Blake. The faunas smiled.

"Don't worry, Yang's not gonna leave you."

"Okay..." Harry replied softly.

Blake made a mental note to talk to Yang about the possibility of her adopting the child in the back of her car.

Meanwhile, on her motorcycle, Yang was deep in thought about everything that happened in two short hours.

'I still can't believe they pulled that crap on such a sweet little guy!' Yang thought bitterly as she drove close to Blake's vehicle. *'If I wasn't in such a rush to get the little guy out of there, I'd put those bastards in the hospital for three years at the very least! What am I gonna do with the little guy, anyway?'* She thought to herself. *'I*

could...put him up for adoption...Or...maybe Ruby will take him in, she loves kids...' Yang sighed. 'Great, I've gotten attached and don't wanna let him go.'

She paused in her thoughts for a few moments to stop for a red light. Then a thought crossed her mind. *'Well...I did take care of Ruby a lot when we were younger, so it's not like I don't have experience on taking care of children...plus I really doubt Harry would be as bad as Ruby was.'* She thought as the light turned green and then she grinned. *'It's settled, then. The kid's gonna stick with me.'* Yang promised herself. She was going to give him a good home, and she was going to ensure he grew up safely and healthily. Nothing was going to stop her. *'Yep, time to put my parenting practice to the test!'* Yang thought humorously as she drove close enough to Blake's car to see where she placed Harry. She looked inside to see Harry looking nervous.

Yang frowned. Then, Harry looked out the window and saw that she was riding close to the car. The blonde smiled warmly and gave the little boy a wave. Harry blinked...then gave a small smile and waved back.

Yang's grin almost split her face in half under her helmet as she gave him a thumbs up. A few minutes after that cute moment, they finally made it to the hospital parking lot. Blake was able to get a parking spot close to the main entrance of the hospital.

Yang parked her motorcycle in a space slightly far away from Blake's car, then dismounted and took off her helmet. She brushed some hair out of her eyes, then made her way towards the hospital with purposeful strides. Blake had already taken Harry in, and she was hoping to see him before he was taken in.

She dashed towards the front door as fast as she could. *'Gotta go fast!'* Yang thought to herself as she was closer to the door. In mere seconds, she made it to the door and went inside after opening it, to see something she was not happy to see.

"Come on, just let us in!" Blake argued with the person at the front desk.

"No way am I letting a filthy faunas-"

SLAM!

The man jumped when Yang slammed her hand against the desk, and shrunk back fearfully under her withering glare.

"Listen, bastard. Let us in, or I'll break your bones into dust. Got it?"

The man squeaked in fear and pointed to the left, to where they would need to go to get Harry healed. Yang gave him a cruel grin as she, along with Blake and Harry, walked past him. "Why thank you kind sir. I do hope you have a nice day." Yang said with sarcasm. When they were gone, the guy fainted from terror.

And so, after getting Harry checked in, the trio entered a waiting room. Blake looked down at the little boy in her arms and saw he was looking over at Yang. The faunas smiled, and handed the child over to her partner. "Here. He wants you."

Yang smiled as she enthusiastically took him. "Thanks Blake." Yang said with a wide grin as she put Harry on her lap. Almost immediately, he snuggled into her and sighed in content from just being in contact with her. Yang was quick to hug him close. "Hi Harry, Did ya miss me?" Yang asked him.

Harry gave her an adorable, wide-eyed smile that she swore almost gave her a heart attack.

"Yes, Yang...Th-Thanks for not leaving me..." The little boy rested his head on her stomach and wrapped his little arms around her waist.

She gave him a small smile. "I'm glad to hear that you like me, and you don't need to thank me, I love being around you and I would

never leave you." Yang told him before she kissed his forehead. In response, Harry tears up from her kind words.

"R-Really?" Harry timidly asked her, hoping that she'll say yes.

"Really. You're stuck with me kid." Yang told him, ruffling his hair.

The blonde woman used her index finger to catch the falling tears, and Harry stopped crying. If she didn't want him to, he wouldn't do it.

Without another word, Yang adjusted her hold on him so his little head was resting on her chest, then began to gently rub the back of his head, to show that she cared for him.

He hummed in pleasure from the soothing action. A few minutes later, they were called up by the receptionist after a guy who had a lobster clamped on his nose ("You better hang in there!" Yang told him, making him look at her flatly.) "Harry Potter?" the receptionist called out. Yang took him up to the receptionist.

"Hey there." Yang said casually. "So, here's the deal...The kid here? Yeah, he needs help. Like, right away."

"I see." The receptionist said. "What happened?" Yang frowned. She was no good with explanations...But...

After fifteen minutes, Yang had managed to explain everything to the receptionist.

"And that's everything that happened to him." Yang finished explaining to the now grim looking receptionist.

"That's horrible!" She said as she reached over to the intercom button. "We need to get him fixed pronto!" She told them as she pressed the button and the intercoms screeched to livf, scaring Harry a little. "Could Doctor Perry come to the reception room, we have a patient that needs help. Thank you." She said into the intercom then retracted her hand from the intercom system.

And so, the group waited for about three more minutes before the doctor finally arrived.

"Hello there. You must be the patients that need help?"

"Yep, that's us." Yang said, gesturing to Harry. "Can you help the little guy out?"

The Doctor looks at Harry and his eyes widen at Harry's state. "By the power of God! What happened to him?!" The Doctor asked them in surprise, Yang gave him a abridged version of what happened, which made him look grim at what happened. "Please follow me." The Doctor said as he walked down the corridor that he came from before.

Yang made a move to follow him but notices that Blake wasn't with them and looks back to where she was sitting.

"Uh, Blake? You coming?" Blake looked up from the faunas health tips magazine she was reading.

"I don't think Harry trusts me yet. It's probably better if I stay here."

Yang looked at her in conflict for a moment before smiling and nodding at her. "Alright, I'll try not to be too long. Just continue reading until I get back." Yang told her as she went down the corridor to follow the doctor. Blake smiled and went back to reading.

After walking for a few seconds, they entered the physical examination room and Dr. Perry stepped to a table and looked at them. "Could you please set him on the table for me?" Dr. Perry asked her.

"Sure." Yang said as she calmly placed Harry down on the table. The little boy looked extremely disappointed, and she kissed his forehead once more. "No worries, kid. I'm not going anywhere." The blonde turned to the doctor. "Uh, doc, it's okay for me to be here during the whole...doctoring thing, right?"

The doctor looked at her and was about to say that if they had to operate then she would have to stay behind, but the hopeful look on her face stopped him. After breathing in, the Doctor smiled at her. "Yes, you can stay for the whole..."doctoring thing." Dr. Perry told her, quoting what she said. "But there might be a slight chance that we might have to operate if we find that some of his organs or skeletal structure is damaged, are you sure you want to be there for that?" He asked her.

Yang hesitated, then looked over at Harry. "...Yeah I am." She said calmly. "The kid's gonna need me to keep him calm."

"I see." The doctor said with a nod. "Well, make yourself comfortable, then, because this may take a while."

She nodded in understanding and moved a chair over so she could be as close as she could to Harry. After she was seated, Dr. Perry started to look over Harry. Not even five minutes into the examination, Perry couldn't help but scowl at what he was finding in the examination. 'What kind of monsters would be willing to do this to a child?!' Perry thought to himself.

Yang noticed the increasingly more and more angry expression on the doctor's face, and fidgeted uncomfortably in her seat. Finally, she could take no more.

"Uh...Doc? Mind explaining why you look so ticked?"

Dr. Perry looked over to her and breathed in and out to calm himself. "Sure, I just got done and I actually wanted to talk to you about what I say." The doctor explained to her. "Could I talk to you outside?" He asked her.

Yang stood, and kissed Harry's forehead again. "I'll be right back, little guy. I just need to talk to the doctor real quick." Harry looked down, then nodded. Yang ruffled his hair, then followed the doctor out the door. "So, what's going on, doc?" The doctor sighed.

"The child...shouldn't be alive with the injuries he's sustained. I've seen extreme damage to his bones, skull included, he's lost a lot of blood, he's malnourished, he has cuts, bruises and puncture wounds all over his body...He should be crippled at the very least..."

"And that's from what I could see externally, we haven't even began to do an x-ray on him yet to fully see what internal trauma was inflicted on him." The Doctor explained to her. Yang, for the most part was silent in disbelief from what he told her. She clenched her fists and growled with anger. *'How dare they...HOW DARE THEY!'* Yang mentally yelled as her aura flared up and her eyes turned red.

"Now, now, calm yourself." The doctor nervously tried to prevent Yang from exploding on the spot. "No matter how much damage was done to him, we will do everything we can to bring him back to full health."

She looked at him for a moment and calmed herself down, then started to tear up. "Please do everything you can for him doctor!" Yang begged him. The doctor nodded his head and took out a handkerchief from his pocket.

"We will, believe me we will do whatever it takes to help him." Perry told her as he offered her the handkerchief, which she gladly took. "Thank you." She said as she wiped her eyes and tried to calm herself so Harry wouldn't be worried when he saw her. The doctor smiled, then opened the door for her. "Alright then, lets continue." They both walked back in to see Harry looking down.

Yang wanted nothing more than to just run over, scoop the tiny boy into her arms and hold him tightly. She chuckled mirthlessly under her breath. The kid was making her soft...

Harry looked over, and smiled happily when he saw Yang was back in the room. "Hi, Yang."

"Hi little guy, I hope we didn't leave ya for too long." Yang said as she walked over and gave him a hug.

"You didn't, Yang." Harry replied softly as he snuggled into the hug.

Dr. Perry smiled at how close they were, until he coughed into his hand to get their attention. "I'm going to get the x-ray room prepared. It might be a few minutes, so I'll come get you two when it's ready, okay?"

"All right, doc. You do that." The doctor left, and Harry looked up at his saviour.

"What's an x-ray?" He asked curiously. Yang smirked.

"They're machines that see through your skin, basically. He's gonna be looking for injuries inside your body, sweetie." Yang internally grimaced. *'Did I really just say sweetie? I'm becoming a big softie...'*

Harry looked nervously at her. "W-will it hurt?" Harry asked in a whisper. Yang shook out her previous thoughts and chuckled. "Don't worry, it won't hurt you one bit and it'll be over before you know it." Yang explained so he wouldn't panic.

Harry still looked unsure but nodded his head regardless. "Okay Yang." He told her, taking her word for it.

"And besides, I'll be right with you when you're done." She told him. Then she hugged him again and gave him a kiss on his head.

Harry let out a soft giggle at the display of affection, and snuggled closer into the blonde woman's embrace.

After a minute, she broke the hug, much to his disappointment, and placed her hand on his head. "After all this is said and done, we can go home together." Yang told him with a grin, making Harry look up at her in confusion.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked her, not getting what she said.

Yang smirked. "Weeeell..." She said. "I was thinking, if you want, that you could come stick with me at my place after we get you out of the

hospital. I can take care of you, and you'll be way happier with me than at those evil people's house."

Harry simply looked at her with wide eyes, then started to tear up. Then he gave her a hug and started sobbing. Yang instinctively hugged him back and just let him cry on her. Yang smiled and thought to herself, *'I think I could get used to having this little guy around.'*

Chapter 4

It had taken twenty minutes, but Harry had eventually stopped crying. Now, he was simply sitting in Yang's lap, still as a statue, face buried in her chest and tiny fists clutching to her clothes tightly.

Yang was playing with his hair, smiling all the while. *'I can't wait till I take ya home, cutie.'* Yang thought, before remembering that the doctor was currently waiting to do the x-ray on Harry. She looked over to where the doctor was sheepishly before realizing that he was simply standing there with a smile. "That was adorable." The doctor told her.

"Yeah, yeah." Yang waved a hand dismissively. "So...you gonna take the kid for his x-ray now, then?"

"Of course. We must check for internal damages." Yang nodded, and held Harry out to the doctor.

"Here he is."

The doctor walked over and took Harry, which made Harry sad. "Thank you." He said as he took Harry to a chair that was in front of a machine and sat him down. The doctor went to a drawer and opened it, taking out a thick pad with a hole near the top. He walked over to Harry. "Just need to put this pad on you and we may begin." The doctor told him as he lowered the pad over Harry's head and through the hole. After he straightened it, he walked away.

Harry looked over at Yang anxiously. Yang smiled reassuringly at him.

"No worries, kid." She replied gently. "You're in good hands." Harry smiled at her words, making a mental note to give her a hug when he was allowed to leave the chair.

"It's alright, nothing is going to happen to you." The Doctor reassured Harry as he approached the x-ray unit. "We only need a few pictures and you'll be done, easy peasy." The Doctor turned on the unit, which hummed to life. "Just close your eyes while I take the pictures and you'll be done. Okay?" the Doctor told him, causing Harry to nod in understanding and close his eyes.

Yang watched the procedures happen, subconsciously tapping her foot against the floor. She was all for getting the little boy healed up and all, but she really did hate hospitals. They were so stuffy and boring, and they made her long for fresh air. Still, the blonde waited as patiently as she could.

Within a few moments, the Doctor was done. "Alright, you can open your eyes now." The Doctor told him as he turned off the X-ray, its hum dying down. Harry opened his eyes and blinked a few times as the Doctor walked over to him to take off the pad. "Is it over?" Harry asked the Doctor timidly.

"Of course." Was the Doctor's reply as he returned the pad to the drawing from whence it came. "You're done and ready to return to this little lady's arms." He told Harry with a smile.

Yang perked right up at that, and was on her feet in an instant.

"You heard the man, kid!" And with that, the blonde scooped Harry off his feet, twirled him around, and held him against her bosom.

Harry couldn't help but laugh happily when Yang was twirling him around. When she stopped and held him to her bosom, he immediately snuggled into her. "It wasn't so bad was it kid?" Yang asked him.

"No Yang, it wasn't bad." Harry replied.

Yang giggled and kissed the top of the little boy's head, earning a content hum and a hug.

They were interrupted by the Doctor coughing. "I'm sorry to interrupt this lovely moment, but I would you two please take a seat outside while we examine the X-ray images?" The Doctor asks them.

Yang nodded, and carried Harry out of the room, rubbing his back all the while. She came out in the waiting room, and saw Blake had finished her magazine, and was now reading a novel.

"Hey there, Blake!" Yang called out. Blake yelped and hid her book.

"Yang! Um...Hello there..." She replied with a sheepish grin.

"...Ninjas of Love?"

"...Yes..."

Yang started to snicker at her friend. Harry looked at them in confusion.

"Yang, what's ninja of love?" Harry innocently asked.

"I'll...tell you when you're older." Yang replied as she patted the child's head. Harry smiled and nodded.

"Anyway, what's going to happen next, Yang?" Blake asked. Yang smirked.

"The kid's almost done here. Then I can take him home with me."

"Ah, so you did decide to adopt him."

"Yep!"

A few minutes later, the same doctor from earlier came in, looking very pale and wide eyed. He spotted them and walked over to them.

"Doc!?" Yang said in worry. "What were the results, what did you find!?"

The doctor breathed in and sighed. "What I saw was horrific...from what I've seen, almost all of his internal organs shows signs of being pierced or ruptured multiple times throughout his life." The Doctor told them, pausing to rub the bridge of his nose.

"I'm honestly surprised that he's alive at all and functional at this point." He said solemnly.

Blake's eyes widened, and she felt sick to her stomach hearing such horrible things could happen to such a young child. She wished she could have been there to help Yang beat the hell out of the monsters who did this to him... Wordlessly, Blake turned to see her friend's reaction...

Yang was oddly quiet after hearing the news 'Yang?' Blake thought in worry. Then her sensitive hearing picked up uneven breathing coming from her friend.

Sensing Yang was about to explode, Blake hurriedly took Harry away from her. Harry looked up at the faunas with a pout, but the expression on her face unnerved him, and he looked back at the blonde.

Yang started to seethe in rage as she reached her boiling point. "Those monsters..." Yang breathed out. "Those monsters...are...GOING TO PAY!" Yang yelled out as her aura rose and her eyes turned red.

"Yang, calm down-"

"NO, BLAKE! I CAN'T CALM DOWN! THEY COULD HAVE KILLED HIM! THEY RUPTURED HIS ORGANS! HE'S LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! I'M NOT JUST GONNA LET THAT GO! I'M GONNA SHATTER ALL OF THEIR BONES AND THEN-"

"Yang, you're scaring him!" Yang looked to see Harry looking at her, fear evident in his eyes.

Her eyes widened as she immediately calmed down. She looked ashamed for going out of control like that and scaring him.

"I-I'm sorry Harry." She apologized to him, shaking.

Harry whimpered and teared up slightly, then reached out for her with both arms. Blake looked down at the little boy, smiled sadly, and held him out for Yang to take him.

Yang teared up as well as she took him and hugged him as tight as she could without hurting him. "I'm so sorry Harry." Yang said again as tears started to roll down her face. Harry snuggled into her chest and sobbed.

Blake watched wordlessly, her faunas ears pressed flat against her head. The doctor sighed.

"...That is all... He must have a healing semblance, because his wounds are healing themselves at an unnatrually rapid pace... You can take him now..." He said softly.

Yang nodded towards the doctor. "T-Thank you doctor for everything." Yang said with a tearful face. The doctor nodded and walked away. Yang then refocused her attention to Harry, who had sobbed himself to sleep.

Yang sniffled, and held him closer, running her fingers through his messy black hair. "I'm sorry..." She whispered in his ear. "I'll never scare you again...I promise..." The young woman kissed the top of the little boy's head, letting her lips linger for a moment before pulling away. Her response was for Harry to actually smile tearfully in his sleep, and snuggle closer than he had ever been to her.

Yang smiled and looked towards Blake. "Hey Blake, could I tie my bike on your car roof and ride with you back to my place?" Yang asked her. "I don't think I'll be able to drive the way I am now."

Yang smiled as she stood up, making sure that Harry was secured, and followed her out the door. Once outside, she walked over to Blake's car and saw that Blake already found her motorcycle and was in the process of tying it down to the roof of her car. "Thanks again Blake. I really appreciate it."

"Don't worry about it." Blake said with a smile. Then she shivered. "It's cold out here...Get in the car and turn on the heater for me, okay?"

She looked down at Harry, and gave him a quick kiss on the forehead. He subconsciously clutched at her shirt as a result. Smiling, Yang rested her head against her seat. Her own eyes felt rather heavy as well... Soon enough, she joined the child in the land of dreams.

Blake walked over to the driver's side and got into the car. "It's really cold out there, thanks for turning on the heater-" Blake said before realizing that both Yang and Harry were asleep in the back seat.

Blake smiled as she buckled herself in. "You two sleep well. God knows you two need it." She said as she shifted the gear and started to drive, heading towards Yang's house.

As she drove, she looked back at the sleeping duo, and smiled.

"Yang...You're going to be a wonderful mother."

Chapter 5

It took Blake an hour of driving to finally make it to Yang's house. She drove up to the driveway and stopped her car before hitting Yang's garage door. She looked back into the back seat, and smirked when she saw Yang and Harry were still sleeping, the former cuddling the latter like a child would a teddy bear. "Looks like we have a mother of the year in the making." Blake said softly so she wouldn't wake them up. She knew eventually they were going to have to wake up... So she decided to wake Yang up by poking her in the face. Yang mumbled in her sleep and swatted the faunas's hand away. Blake snickers as she started to tickle Yang's nose.

Yang groaned in annoyance. "Stoooooop..."

"Wakey wakey Yang." Blake said mischievously. "It's time to wake uuuuuuuup."

"Noooo...I don't wannaaaaaaa..."

"But Yang, we're at your place. Don't you want to show Harry your awesome house?" Blake asked her blonde friend.

"No, I wanna sleep..."

"Then maybe I can take Harry and show him your house myself? Your spare key is still under the doormat right?" Blake asked her, hoping that will wake her up.

"Fine, whatever..." Yang groaned dramatically as she rose to her feet. And promptly hit her head on the car ceiling. The sound of her impacting the ceiling and her growling under her breath caused Harry to bolt up, immediate going into high alert.

"I'm up!" He said in alarm. Harry looks around and sees that Yang was shaking while rubbing her head. "Y-Yang...? Are you okay?"

Yang tenses as she realizes she woke up Harry. "I'm fine, I just hit my head a little. Nothing serious." Yang told him as she sat back down and ruffled his hair.

"You sounded kinda mad..."

"It's fine, I was just in a little bit of pain. I'm all better see?" Yang stated while smiling.

Harry smiled back. "Okay. I'm glad you're not mad."

Yang smiled and kissed his forehead. "I'm glad to hear it." Yang told him then started to unbuckle him. After he was unbuckled, she scooped him up. Once he was secure in her arms, she exited the vehicle.

"So do you need me to stay for anything else?" Blake asked.

Yang turns towards her black haired friend and smirks. "Nope. But you can stay awhile if you want." Yang offered.

Blake yawned. "I'm pretty tired, actually..." She heads towards her car and gets back in, fastening her seatbelt before looking at Yang and Harry. "Thanks for the offer though, but I should get back home before I fall asleep."

Yang nodded and waved. "All right. Later, kitty."

"See ya Yang." Blake said with a smile before putting her car in reverse and left the drive way. She then drives away and before long is no longer visible.

Yang smiled and waved back...then her eyes widened. "WAIT, YOU STILL HAVE MY BIKE!" But Blake was too far away to hear her yelling so didn't stop. Yang's shoulders sagged. "Dang it..." Harry looks up at her in concern.

"She'll bring it back..." He said softly.

Yang looks at him and smiles. "Yeah...your right." Yang stated. Harry smiled as she picked him up and cuddled him. "Now lets get inside." Yang told him while he was snuggling into her.

"Okay." Harry agreed. Yang smirked and carried him into her home. She walks past her living room and heads towards the kitchen. Yang placed Harry in a chair and patted his head.

"Hang tight little guy. I'm going to rustle up some grub for us." Yang explained as she walked around the kitchen and pick stuff out. Harry smiled as he watched his new caretaker begin to prepare the food. Within twenty minutes, she had prepared two big helpings of macaroni and cheese with shredded bacon mixed in. Harry blinked at the large plate she put in front of him.

He stared at the plate for a moment before looking at Yang in confusion. "Am...am I allowed to eat all this?" Harry asked her, causing her to give him a look.

"Well, yeah. I put it in front of you for a reason." She replied. He nodded his head slowly and looked at the food in front of him and picked up the fork that was next to the plate. He spears through some of the macaroni and bacon and hesitantly puts it in his mouth. He let out a soft "Mmm..." When the food was in his mouth. The creamy taste of the cheese, the texture of the noddles, and the delicious taste of bacon was so good. Yang chuckled. "Glad you like it." Harry didn't answer as he started to eat the plate of food with gusto. Yang snickered. "You're eating so fast I'd be surprised if you knew what you were eating."

Harry stopped eating and blushed in embarrassment. "S-sorry." Harry said apologetically.

Yang laughed. "I'm just messin' with ya." She emphasizes her words by ruffling his head again. Harry smiled and leaned into the touch with closed eyes. Yang smiled and continued to ruffle his head for a few more minutes. Much to Harry's disappointment, she took her hand off his head. He nodded his head at her words and resumed

eating his dinner, Yang following his example. Soon enough, they finished eating.

Harry was the most full he's ever been in his entire life. "Thank you for the food Yang." Harry told her as she cleared the table.

"No worries, kid." Yang replied with a grin. "I'm happy you liked it so much." Yang remarked as she went to the sink and quickly washed the plates and the pot she cooked the dinner in and placed them in the strainer. Harry smiled, then let out a yawn. Yang looks at him and smiles. "looks like someone is getting sleepy." Yang remarked as she went over to him and picked him up. "Let's get you to bed little guy." Yang let out a yawn of her own. "Looks like I need to get to bed too. I'm still tired from earlier...Thanks Blake." Yang grumbled under her breath as she carried Harry to her room. Once she reached her room, she placed Harry in her bed and plopped in next to him. Harry giggled when he was lifted slightly when Yang hit the bed. "Forget pajamas..." Yang mumbled. "Straight to sleep..." She wrapped her arms around Harry and dragged him into her embrace. Then she instantly fell asleep once he was in her chest, snoring like a train.

Harry smiled and snuggled into her embrace, then followed her example and went to sleep and was able to ignore her snoring.

Author's Note 2

I have some good news and I have some bad news. The bad news: I'm no longer doing this particular story. I just...don't have interest in it anymore. The good news? It will still be updated by DarkwarriortheCursedHero. He's adopted this story from me.